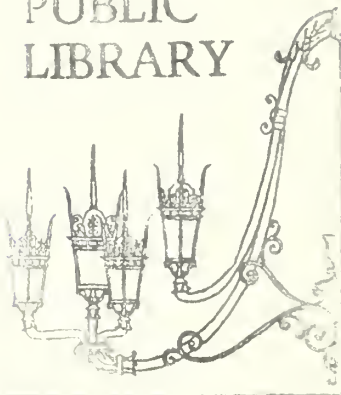


Arts  
on Reserve  
et

FINE ARTS DEPT

1891

BOSTON  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/illingworthontar00hill>



ILLINGWORTH



ON TARGET

5-A  
IC  
.39  
I55H55  
.970x

Research  
Library

**Boston Public Library**  
**Boston, MA 02116**

ILLINGWORTH — ON TARGET







# ILLINGWORTH ON TARGET

by

DRAPER HILL

with an introduction by

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

An exhibition of the cartoons and drawings of Leslie Illingworth held in the  
Wiggin Gallery of the Boston Public Library in October 1970

F-A

FINE ARTS DEPT

NC139

JESSEE

1970X

JUN 14 2008

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Without the generosity and encouragement of Leslie Illingworth, this first comprehensive exhibition of his work could hardly have been attempted. Without the impetus provided by the Boston Public Library and their willing aid on all fronts, it could never have been realized. Special thanks go to Malcolm Muggeridge for his thoughtfulness and cooperation in supplying this catalogue with an introduction, and to Keith MacKenzie for continuing assistance of the greatest importance in research and organization.

I am deeply grateful to the proprietors of the *Daily Mail* for access to their vault, for the loan of many original drawings, and for the provision of photographs and background information.

Particular thanks are also due the proprietors of *Punch* for permission to reproduce five important items, and to their art editor, William Hewison, for his helpful advice.

In the preparation of biographical material I have drawn on conversations with the artist, on the useful reminiscences contained in published interviews by Michael Bateman and Keith MacKenzie, and on information supplied by Edward Pegram of the BBC.

Drawings have also very kindly been lent by Miss Enid Ratcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Keith MacKenzie, *Time* Magazine, Thomas P. Curtis, Julian Phipps, Edmund Valtman, Perry Smith, and Leslie Illingworth. The remainder are from my own collection.

The portrait photograph was taken in 1964 by Guernsey E. Le Pelley. Additional welcome contributions of advice, encouragement, and support have come from Sinclair Hitchings of the Boston Public Library, Thomas P. Curtis, Miss Norma Card, and, especially, from my wife Sarah.

D.H.

COPYRIGHT © 1970 BY DRAPER HILL

COVER: On Target (scratchboard, 6×12½ inches), *Daily Mail*, March 22, 1963 (see page 42)

## INTRODUCTION

ONE of my pleasantest memories, looking back in my five years as editor of *Punch*, is of working with Leslie Illingworth. He is, in my opinion, the most accomplished living black-and-white artist, and it was a joy to play a part in extracting from him the week's political cartoon. "Extracting" is the *mot juste*. One had to keep on at him; telephoning, sending messages, making personal visits. There were three or four places where he was accustomed to work, and five or six telephone numbers which might reach him. Just locating him was a major exercise in detection; and then, when one had located him, his resources in the way of prevarication were seemingly inexhaustible. I remember on one occasion when, having, as it were, driven him against the wall, he finally said in desperation that he had just finished his cartoon, and was about to put on his hat and bring it over. It was momentarily reassuring, until I remembered that, in fact, he never wore a hat!

His dilatoriness, let me hasten to add, was not due to slackness; rather the reverse—to a quite phenomenal conscientiousness. He never could bear to let a cartoon

out of his hands; he always felt that just one more go at that bit over there, and it would be perfect. I have always loved to watch him at work—the terrific concentration, the splendid firm line; a sense of purpose almost animal in its intensity, with all other considerations excluded than just conveying exactly the slope of a back, the hairs of a head, the leaves of a tree. His visual memory is prodigious. He once made a drawing for me of a house I was then living in, sitting for perhaps ten minutes on the top of his car surveying the house and its setting before getting to work. The result, when he gave it to me, was perfect in every detail, down to the tiniest blade of grass. No camera could have produced a more exact representation. And what grace as well! What elegant composition, and delicate balance of light and shade!

His love for the earth and its creatures and shapes is mystical in its intensity, though he would indignantly repudiate the word. Mysticism, to him, is a pejorative term, intimating a revulsion from sensual experience; something he often accuses me of. Actually, I find his passionate delight in, for instance, the bare winter out-

line of a tree, very beautiful. Once, when he was staying with us in the South of France, he used a snorkel for the first time, and was enchanted by the strange colors and shapes of the ocean bed, as though he had discovered a new paradise. It is my opinion that, had he not drifted into the field of newspaper cartooning, he would have become one of the very few great artists of our time. I am always trying to urge him even now to take up his brush again, on behalf, not of the buffoons who conduct our affairs, but of the ever-changing Sussex countryside he loves so passionately. He prefers, however, to express this love with spade and scythe and tractor, leaving his drawing board and pens and crayons put away. He still has them, though. So, perhaps one day . . .

This is most emphatically not to say that Illingworth is other than a superb cartoonist. Some of the cartoons he did for me in *Punch* are among the finest ever published in the magazine's 130 years of history. In the course of working with him, I got to know what each inflection of his voice signified. His "ye . . . e . . . s" could imply everything, from utter abhorrence to enthusiastic approval. We decided the week's cartoon over luncheon at the famous *Punch* Table. I, as editor, presided, and various proposals were made, by me and by others. It was Illingworth I watched all the time, to get his reaction. When he was satisfied, I knew we could proceed. Though he is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a political animal, and has little or no spirit of

partisanship where politicians and their policies are concerned, he yet reacts profoundly to a political situation seen as part of the drama of life. Thus, in a cartoon which made a good deal of stir at the time, designed to indicate that Churchill was hanging on ignominiously as Prime Minister when he was physically and mentally incapacitated, he drew a splendid picture of the old man in his tragic decrepitude. Or again, at the time of the ludicrous Suez venture, he produced a magnificent Eden as a sheep in wolf's clothing. Nor shall I easily forget his picture of our bickering newspaper proprietors as a snake pit.

These, and many others like them, are more than cartoons as ordinarily understood. They are more in the vein of a Hogarth or Gillray than of a Low or Vicky or Bernard Partridge; belong more to the broad sweep of social history than to the immediacy of politics. It is because of this quality in Illingworth's work that he so richly deserves the exhibition of it organized by his, and my, friend Draper Hill. I find it a little shaming that the exhibition should have been organized across the Atlantic rather than in London where Illingworth has worked and lived for so many years as chief cartoonist on the *Daily Mail*, but venture to hope that the success it is bound to have will lead to its being brought in due course over to us in his native land.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE  
Robertsbridge, Sussex  
August 25, 1970

It has been the practice on remarkable public events occurring, to offer them in caricatures as speedily as possible; and as there are many artists who subsist on this species of employment, a rivalry exists which requires the utmost promptitude . . .

The plain matter-of-fact man cannot comprehend the extensive powers of those employed . . . in this pursuit. Like the composer in music, whose mind, turned to the art he professes, produces sounds and combinations he knew not,

THE regular treatment of "remarkable public events" in cartoon form dates from the "playing card" caricatures of George Townshend which enjoyed a particular vogue between 1756 and 1763. By and large, this fundamental union of pictorial satire and portrait "caricatura" flourished outside of journalism until 1830, through the medium of the separate single-sheet copperplate etching. The rapid advancement in techniques of reproduction and printing during the nineteenth century, coupled with evolution of a literate, picture-oriented public, helped speed the inevitable integration of cartoon and letterpress. As early as 1801 the savage pioneer caricaturist, James Gillray, offered to join "heart and head and hands" in such a venture as long as he enjoyed complete liberty to choose and treat subjects "according to my own fancy."

or thought not of, before, the Caricaturist takes his subject, and borne away by his fancy, he creates a new order of beings and things, all of which are subservient to the fact he illustrates . . .

—James P. Malcolm, 1813<sup>1</sup>

'tis the most diverting species of designing and will certainly keep those that practise it out of the hippo or Vapours . . .

—*A Book of Caricatures*, 1763<sup>2</sup>

Thus Gillray warily anticipated the classic confrontation between freedom and discipline which was bound to arise when the art of the caricaturist was finally absorbed effectively into the fabric of periodical literature (three decades later in Paris, four in London). In the process of taking an editorial bridle, Georgian satire yielded up a measure of hellfire and brimstone. By way of compensation, it acquired responsibility, direction, and, all too often, alas, dignity. The role of the cartoonist still fluctuates between these poles, seldom operating with peak efficiency at either extreme.

If one excepts Philipon's *Charivari*, editorial caricature did not begin to figure significantly in daily papers until the 1880's.

The first daily cartoons reproduced by photomechanical process appear to be those published in *Jubilee Days*, an



experimental program and memento issued during the World's Peace Jubilee in Boston, from June 17 to July 4, 1872. ("The illustrations are drawn each day by Augustus Hoppin and engraved in three hours by the new process of the Chemical Engraving Company, 124 Tremont Street.")

In June 1884, Walt McDougall (1858–1938) was appointed staff cartoonist for Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World*. Five months later a cartoon of his was reckoned to have played a key part in Grover Cleveland's election to the Presidency. On January 5, 1888, the *Pall Mall Budget* announced the engagement of Francis Carruthers Gould (1844–1925) as the first regular cartoonist for a London paper.

McDougall and Gould were key figures in the process of adapting the elaborate compositions of the old copperplates and weeklies to the pace and possibilities of a modern journalism. (In the haunting power and poetry of his last spare, searing contributions to *Charivari* (1871–1872), the half-blind Daumier had already pointed the way.)

In England, those harbingers Phil May and Aubrey Beardsley were demonstrating by the mid-nineties that photomechanical reproduction could emancipate line drawing from its Victorian cocoon of ritual hatchwork. This invitation was accepted and explored during the first quarter of the twentieth century by such innovators as Thomas Theodore Heine, Will Dyson, Georg Grosz, Sennep, and David Low.

Eleven years younger than Low, Leslie Illingworth was born in 1902. Sir John Tenniel had retired the previous year as *Punch*'s cartoonist and would live in retirement until 1914. The relative brevity of the history of modern cartooning is suggested by the fact that it still can be spanned in three lifetimes—Thomas Rowlandson's (1757–1828), John Tenniel's (1820–1914), and Illingworth's (1902–). It is especially appropriate to present Illingworth in context with the happy exuberance of Rowlandson and the reserved majesty of Tenniel. Deeply rooted in the great tradition of British graphic satire, his role has not been that of a stylistic trailblazer. This wise, generous man is, simply, the finest draftsman of our time to have devoted his energies to editorial caricature.

Illingworth fixes a mischievous gaze on the world from beneath massive thatches of white eyebrow (formerly ginger). His rugged pinkish face, with its long upper lip, jutting lower lip, and deep underslung chin, bears an uncanny resemblance to Roubiliac's 1732 bust of William Hogarth. Approaching seventy, he is a sturdy, active man of slightly less than average height, with an apparently inexhaustible appetite for life. Illingworth describes himself as a sensualist. He derives a passionate, physical enjoyment from the beauty and variety of people, places, and objects. He delights in unraveling the mysteries of structure, be they architectural and mechanical or personal and political. The building of a greenhouse in his vegetable garden is undertaken with a reverence that would not have dishonored Chartres.

Asked once to define the function of a cartoon, Illingworth modestly replied: "to give people symbols to think with."<sup>3</sup>

He harbors no visible illusions about the impact of his work. When he tugged at one end of the lever, he implies, there was never an expectation that anything would move at the other.

Illingworth avoids the semblance of commitment to ideologies and causes with a persistence that prompts one (unscientific) colleague to the notion that he has "as much interest in politics as I have in thermodynamics." This is not entirely fair. The cartoonist describes himself not as a pacifist but as a "quietist." He mistrusts zealots of any party or persuasion. Excesses of enthusiasm are suspect when applied to the affairs of others. Activists tend to be tiresome. Beneath it all, Utopian visionaries are "always anxious for power" and are "always being used."

In an age when commentators are increasingly moved to flay and gut, Illingworth appears to frustrate "serious" critical analysis. He is that contradictory being—a happy satirist; one who thinks things are nice enough to be worth preserving. This is not to claim that those cleansing implements of the classic scourge—rage and moral indignation—are absent from his make-up, but that they are kept under close surveillance.

Granted that it is one task of the modern satirist to offer upsetting generalizations about the human condition, it seems just as evident that his province cannot end there. A mass audience must be wooed and won:

attracted, intrigued, and occasionally entertained before there is any prospect of influencing it. A great artist and merciless observer like Georg Grosz often seems to speak more to the future than to a contemporary audience. His work requires few footnotes, only now and again involving itself in the ephemera of politics which occupies most editorial cartoonists for so much of their time. It is possible to be *in* journalism but not *of* it. Illingworth's newspaper art, primarily of and for the given page on the given day, tends to vary greatly in shape and technique according to the opportunities for layout and the demands of the subject. Both form and content resist standardization. Broadly speaking, his personal and professional commitment is to the moment at hand (a factor which helps to explain why his drawings have yet to be memorialized for posterity in a published collection).

Raw impact and truth are not the only yardsticks by which to measure effective satire. The magical power to juggle space, time, and creation is at the service of a draftsman who can mobilize his readers' imaginations. The resourceful cartoonist is sensitive to shifts of public mood. He understands the importance of unpredictability and knows when his central point will gain from the introduction of a supplementary nuance or "grace note" as a kind of "second-strike capacity." Illingworth would feel it was unrealistic to contend that mastery over these tools of the trade could guarantee a cartoonist any real hold on public opinion. Many of his readers might disagree.



I remember my first drawing very well. The vicar had been getting his horse shod, and I used to spend a lot of time with him at the Forge. I was seven. I remember, when the vicar had gone, I drew him with a piece of chalk on the door of the blacksmith's. A caricature, you know.

So I had this enormous public door, a tarred door, and I used to draw them all after that . . .<sup>4</sup>

LESLIE GILBERT ILLINGWORTH was born September 2, 1902, in the Welsh seaport of Barry, Vale of Glamorgan, the second son of Richard Frederick and Helen (MacGregor) Illingworth. His father, a quantity surveyor engaged in dock construction work, and his mother, a former teacher from Hull, Yorkshire, were married at nearby Cardiff in 1896. Richard Illingworth was a native of Knutsford, Cheshire, but his family traces its origins to the West Riding of Yorkshire where a chapelry or precinct in the parish of Halifax still bears their surname. (Illingworth apparently derives from *Ingleworth*, the property or farmstead of an early Scandinavian settler named Ingle.)

Young Leslie's family settled in the village of St. Athan, seventeen miles southwest of Cardiff. A good portion of his spare time as a youth was spent in farm work, where he acquired the fondness for animals, and for nature generally, that has always been reflected in his drawing.

"My parents had no money to spare, but I had free tuition all the way up, and help whenever I needed it," Illingworth recalls. There was important early encouragement from the vicar he had caricatured on the door

at the smithy: "He had beautiful illustrated books; it was a terribly good thing having a man like that . . . I used to copy the drawings in his books. I didn't have art lessons, you see . . ."<sup>5</sup> In the vicar's library a bound run of *Punch* was not the least attraction.

One sketch pad, vintage 1910, bristles with pencil encounters between medieval warriors, cavaliers and roundheads, Romans and Saxons, soldiers of the crown and rebellious Scots. Pirates hide their booty, Mameluke warriors charge on proud stallions and a malevolent goat prepares to surprise a very stately bobby. A spirit of fun, an eye for detail and a highly-developed taste for dramatic narrative are already at work. A year or so later the artist shifted to pen and ink for a detailed vignette of *The Meet at Glucpot Woods, Glam.* (a vigorous horse and hound epic which he still recalls in vivid and personal detail) and to brush and wash for an affectionate view of the Forge at St. Athan where his career began.

Illingworth's early teens were spent as a scholarship student in the Barry County (Grammar) School. At sixteen, he began a stint at the Cardiff Art School, again on scholarship, working part time in the lithographic department of the *Western Mail* where his first major project was to illustrate a bookstall poster for a football special. The developing talents were also turned to designs for flour bags, rolls of honor, and sports cartoons. In 1920 he won a county scholarship to the Royal College of Art in London ("The Principal was a Yorkshireman and my father was a Yorkshireman . . .").<sup>6</sup> His studies

covered drawing, etching, and architecture. The roster of fellow students included Henry Moore and Barbara Hepworth. An affectionate notebook full of bison, yak, lions, orangutangs, dogs, and horses (*L. G. Illingworth, His Book of Animals, mostly sketched at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington*) shows a growing maturity of touch. His imagination was quickened by exposure to Breughel, to the Dutch masters, to Van Gogh, Lautrec and, among the contemporary illustrators, by the work of Arthur Rackham and Edmund Dulac. There was no hesitation about the path to follow: "From the beginning I wanted to be a cartoonist. You're not self-wrapped-up if you're a cartoonist. You have to take attitudes about life."

"I was only at the College for about six months when the old cartoonist on the *Western Mail*, a chap called Staniforth, died, and they offered me the job at £6 a week. Of course that was untold gold. Tremendous. So I left College and went back full-time as a political cartoonist, and they were very lively times . . ."

Illingworth served as staff cartoonist and jack of all trades from 1921 until 1926. A 1921 pad combines the old interest in animals with character studies and antique furniture detail. The following year his sketchbook includes on-the-spot impressions taken at the Barry Police Court and a tongue-in-cheek memorandum concerning his charges for outside work:

Landscape or Sea (oils)	£15.0.0
ditto Water Colour	£12.0.0

Interior scene	£10.0.0
Landscape, morning effects with mist (any medium)	£ 5
Study of head and shoulders of man or woman of essentially Welsh type . . .	£ 5
Cartoon illustrating any incidents in the career of the right hon. Lloyd George	£ 3.0.0
Charcoal Drawing landscape	£ 2.0.0

In 1926 the onset of the general strike left Illingworth making his own engravings. Reluctant to dedicate himself to the persecution of strikers, he left his job to settle temporarily in Paris, where the devalued franc made it convenient to maintain a flat and resume his art education at the Academy Julien. Illingworth acquired a London agent and supported himself, at long range, by freelance magazine illustrations (for such publications as *Strand*, *Nash's*, *London Opinion*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Passing Show*). It was during this time he accepted his first, modest, commission from *Punch*: "It wasn't a very funny one . . . some people on a street, a little boy and a nursemaid and a man selling balloons. I can't remember the joke."<sup>8</sup>

Illingworth spent much of 1927 in the United States with his 21-year-old sister. There was no problem selling his work in New York, and he bought a car in which



they meandered westward, finally unloading it in California at a profit. "I saw San Francisco, before they had built the Golden Gate. In those days the roads after Chicago petered out into dust tracks. If you had a rainstorm you couldn't go on."<sup>9</sup>

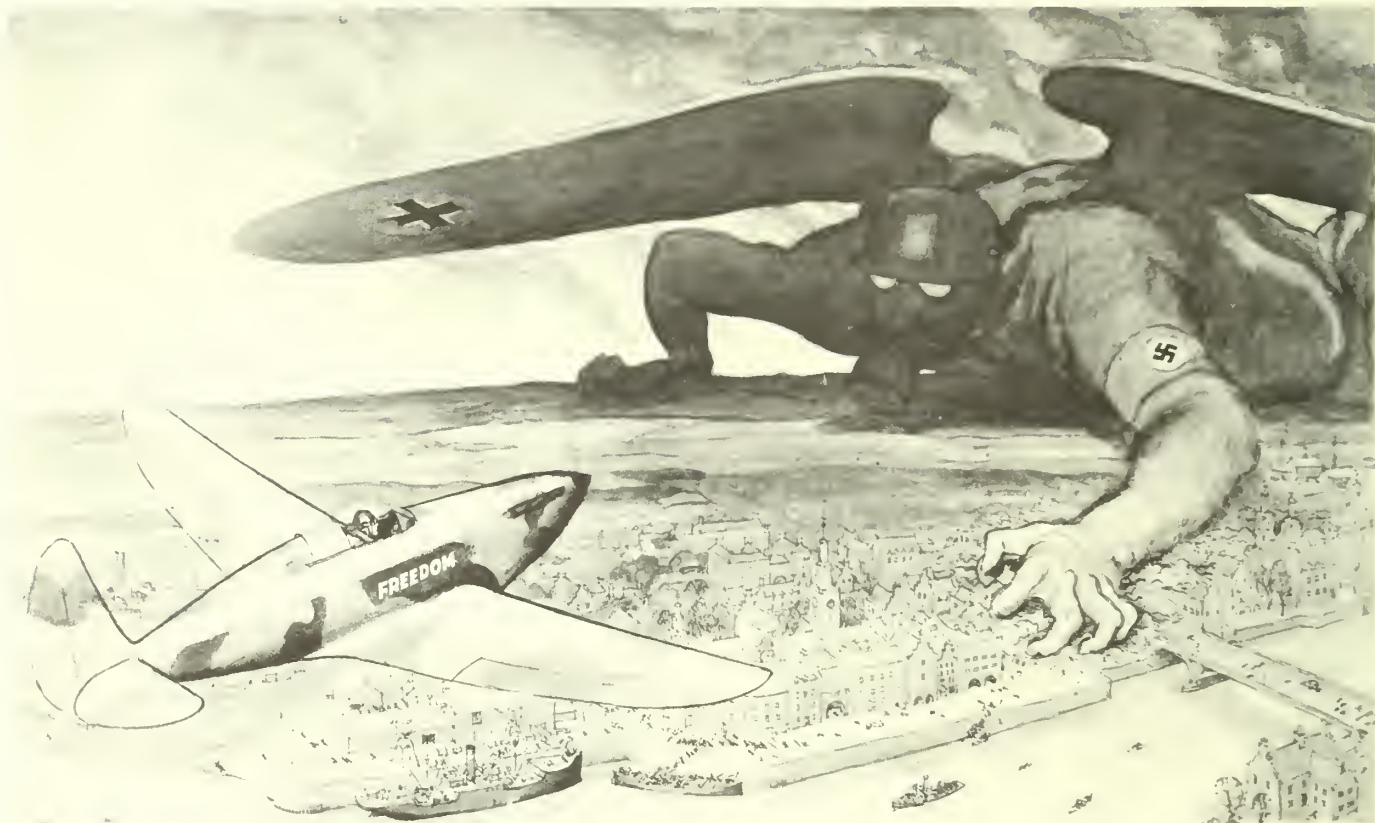
In 1928 and 1929 the cartoonist lived in St. John's Wood, London, and studied periodically at the Slade School of Fine Arts. After another tour round the United States in 1930, he transplanted his increasingly prosperous free-lance operation to a studio in the loft of his father's barn at St. Athan. In with a large volume of advertising work, there was a rising number of meticulously rendered, generally bucolic, full-page joke cartoons for *Punch*. (*His wife's mother; or what our hikers have to put up with*, August 19, 1931.) As the decade advanced, these were more apt to be in color.

Eventually Illingworth was invited to supply *Punch* with his first "big cut," the principal weekly political cartoon, at the time a task customarily divided between Sir Bernard Partridge and Ernest Shepard. This was *The Serious Season* of September 1, 1937, in which a ferocious sea serpent labelled *Mediterranean Piracy* looms up to confront H. M. S. Britannia. (Admiral Neville [Chamberlain] to Admiral Anthony [Eden]. "I say, even in holidaytime I think we shall have to take some notice of this.")<sup>10</sup> Seven other "big cuts" by Illingworth appeared before the end of 1937. The following year there were six, and in 1939 the number increased to eleven, still a very junior share of the annual two-a-week aggregate of

102. The *Punch* cartoon was by tradition a committee affair, its form and content thrashed out at the Wednesday luncheon of the magazine's inner circle and turned over to the cartoonist for a conscientious rendering. As new boy, Illingworth was apt to wind up with such subjects as charity drives, empire trade fairs, traffic congestion, and the weather—at a time when Hitler was dismantling Europe.

*Punch* remained sensitive to its role as a national institution. The cartoon was still apt to be noble and oracular, as in the days of Disraeli and Gladstone. For a man whose satiric impulses had little in common with the olympian classicism of Sir John Tenniel, drawing a standard *Punch* cartoon would always call for kid gloves.

On September 5, 1939, England and France responded to Hitler's blitzkrieg of Poland with a declaration of hostilities. Thus began the seven-month struggle of nerves popularly known as the "phony war." *Punch's* Almanack Number of November 6 reproduced Illingworth's unforgettable watercolor *The Combat* as its center spread. A gigantic, bestial Nazi figure, winged and gas-masked, crunches on its belly across a flaming Europe to challenge Freedom's champion, a lone RAF Spitfire. This magnificent conception, in its way the spiritual equal of Gillray's *Plumb-pudding in Danger*, can probably be regarded as the ultimate and final expression of the "grand manner" in the evolution of English graphic satire.



2. The Combat

*Punch*, November 6, 1939

A caricaturist in a country town, . . . like a mad bull in a china-shop, cannot step without noise; so having made a little noise in my native place, I persuaded my father to let me seek my fortune in town.

—George M. Woodward (1760–1809)<sup>11</sup>

Just as eels are said to get used to skinning, so politicians get used to being caricatured. In fact, by a strange trait in human nature, they even get to like it. If we must confess it, they are quite offended and downcast when the cartoons stop.

—Winston Churchill, 1931<sup>12</sup>

AT a time when most sensible Londoners were weighing the pros and cons of evacuation, in the autumn of 1939, Illingworth came up to town. At thirty-seven he wanted a wider audience and greater freedom than *Punch* could offer. The *Daily Mail*, a morning paper of some one and a half million circulation, was looking for a cartoonist to succeed “Poy” (Percy Fearon, 1874–1949), who had retired the previous year. Illingworth arranged to have a pair of his drawings inserted in a large batch of “unknowns” submitted by an agent. These were signed with his mother’s maiden name, “MacGregor.” (He was afraid his own signature would prejudice matters. “I was doing fuddy-duddy drawings for *Punch*.”) The mystery man was asked round for a session which he later recounted:

“The Editor, a very tall man, stood up to greet him.

“‘Mr. MacGregor?’ he asked.

“‘Ye-es.’

“‘You are sure,’ said the Editor accusingly, ‘Your name is not Illingworth?’

“The artist blanched and glanced fearfully up.

“‘Yes, Sir, it’s Illingworth, Sir. I’m very sorry . . .’ ”<sup>13</sup>

He was engaged on the spot, commencing a professional association of just over thirty years, which spanned nine editorships and an evolving set of policies and priorities. Some editors have been predominantly concerned with ideology and ideas, others with layout and general appearance.

The *Daily Mail*’s basic alignment with the Tories raised few problems for a man who mistrusted zealots and believed that there was no shortage of opportunity in Britain for enterprising individuals. Illingworth remembers that politics were especially simple at the outset. “It was absolutely easy—there’s no doubt about it. We were against Hitler, against Mussolini, against Stalin to start with and then for him immediately as soon as he came in.”<sup>14</sup>

Despite the ease with which “Mr. MacGregor’s” style had given him away, the Illingworth cartoons which the *Daily Mail* began to run in October were conspicuously more direct in content and execution than his *Punch* work. Fine pen technique on hot-press fashion board was replaced in the *Mail* by a bold reliance on brush, solid blacks, crayon on textured cartridge paper, and internal, hand-lettered captions.

He settled down to the production of three (sometimes four) cartoons a week, retained his connection

with *Punch*, and continued for a time with a volume of book illustration and miscellaneous commercial work.

Illingworth took a cottage at Horley in Surrey, where he kept hens and goats. Later amenities included a Knightsbridge flat and a tiny garret chamber over a block of law offices near Fleet Street, convenient to the newspaper and ideal for execution of the *Punch* cartoon. The *Mail's* new cartoonist enrolled in the Land Defense Volunteers ("a frightening body of men") and subsequently (1942-1944) was a gunner on night duty with Home Guard Battery Z, an antiaircraft unit in Hyde Park. With petrol rationing Illingworth was forced to pasture his 1938 Bentley roadster in favor of a bicycle, which he used around London for the duration, without the protection of a padlock. (Since 1945 he has lost three other cycles to thieves, without any noticeable change in his disposition to treat London like a farm hamlet and all its residents as good friends.)

In wartime, a master cartoonist can perform a complex of important functions: catalyst for morale, exorciser of evil spirits, entertainer, and historian of the public temper. "Figures of his creation become the political furniture of our minds," wrote a *Daily Mail* leader page colleague in 1941: "In momentous times like these, such artists gain a secure position with posterity. Their work conveys at a glance more than later generations can learn from columns of print . . . What cartoonist is the successor today of the great topical draughtsmen of the past? . . . Where will future generations find the most pene-



3. Lament for the Stand-down *Daily Mail*, October 1944



trating and powerful presentment of the dire times through which Britain is now passing?" Not surprisingly, his nominee was close at hand.

Illingworth produced seventeen "big cuts" for *Punch* in 1940 and twenty-five in 1941; after this his involvement trailed off until Bernard Partridge's death in the spring of 1945.

Partridge (1861–1945) had been drawing for *Punch* since 1891. A former actor, he maintained a coach and pair into the forties, when the war and ill health forced him to leave London. Towards the end of his career he was treated with extreme awe at the magazine. Illingworth likes to say he was customarily bundled down the back stairs whenever Partridge approached.

Illingworth was formally elevated to "Junior Cartoonist" after Partridge died, and split the duties with Ernest Shepard for four years. From July, 1949, until May, 1958, he was responsible for something over ninety percent of the total number. Under the editorship of E. V. Knox (1932 to 1949) there had been some latitude for controversy in the cartoon. Under Kenneth Bird (1949 to 1952) conspicuous progress in design was not matched by editorial pluck. According to a 1957 history of *Punch*, "Illingworth was increasingly restricted to statements of fact . . . The paper's note became more muffled."<sup>15</sup> The General Election of 1950 found it hanging uncertainly betwixt parties, a conservative paper in tentative search of socialist readers. The cartoonist was called upon to set the election stage with six parodies after Tenniel:

"The Voter in Wonderland" which stayed well above the issues and personalities. When Kenneth Bird retired as editor he was succeeded on the first of January, 1953, by Malcolm Muggeridge, until then deputy editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is safe to say the proprietors were getting more than they bargained for.

A colorful career in education and journalism (Cairo, Manchester, Moscow, Calcutta, and Washington) had left Muggeridge with few illusions about politics and human behavior, and none about magazines as national institutions. During five controversial years under his direction, *Punch* was much more pointed, relevant, and audacious than it had been since the early, radical days of Douglas Jerrold and John Leech. There were a number of new faces at the table, among them the writers John Betjeman, Anthony Powell, Christopher Hollis, and Gwyn Thomas. Important additions on the pictorial side included Michael Cummings of the *Daily Express*, Emmwood (John Musgrave-Wood, later of the *Daily Mail*), Illustrator Edward Ardizzone, periodic contributions by Feliks Topolski, occasional large cartoons and a series of murderous modern versions of *The Rake's Progress* from Ronald Searle.

No longer was the cartoon apt to dangle from a tenuous snippet of news ("Mr. Walt Disney is at present in Ireland to study the habits of leprechauns"). The practice of pairing the cartoon with a signed piece began on January 21, 1953 (commenting on the inauguration of President Eisenhower). The following week, Illing-



worth's powerful scratchboard of Stalin as executioner was accompanied by a Muggeridge editorial: *The Purgers and the Purged*.

The question of Prime Minister Churchill's retirement was raised gently in a cartoon of March 4, 1953, and, somewhat less tactfully, in another seven months later (*Alexander at Babylon being pressed by his officers to appoint a successor*, October 7th).

According to Claud Cockburn, a colleague and friend, Muggeridge was seeking a new market for satire and saw that "the prerequisite for success was to make a loud, nasty noise of the kind nobody associated with *Punch*."<sup>16</sup> Cockburn met Muggeridge at the station in Limerick in late January, 1954. "As he sprang from the train [he] remarked with profound satisfaction that the issue of the magazine he had just sent to the press was 'likely to get us all in a lot more hot water.'<sup>17</sup> This was the number of February 3rd, with an Illingworth drawing of the Prime Minister, listless at his desk, the face registering unmistakable effects of a partial paralysis he had suffered the preceding summer, the bookcase of his writings full, and closed. The caption was taken from Psalm 114: *Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening*. In an accompanying editorial, *A Story Without an Ending*, Muggeridge ostensibly traced the decline of a Byzantine ruler, Bellarius: "By this time he had reached an advanced age and might have been expected to settle down to an honourable retirement . . . Instead, he clung to power with tenacious intensity. His



4. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.  
*Punch*, February 3, 1954

splendid faculties . . . began to falter. The spectacle of him thus clutching wearily at all the appurtenances and responsibilities of an authority he could no longer fully exercise was to his admirers infinitely sorrowful, and to his enemies infinitely derisory.”

According to Cockburn, “It had, immediately, the desired effect. Leading conservative publicists and politicians howled with rage, helping with their din to notify one and all that Britain had something new in the way of magazines. Inevitably a cartoon of this kind—a kind that, in relation to the Grand Old Man, had been taboo for years—produced a little friction and headshaking even inside the office.”<sup>18</sup>

Muggeridge later recalled that “Perhaps the biggest row [with the proprietors] came over a cartoon of Churchill . . . suggesting that it was time he went. This was so obviously true, had been so frequently remarked, especially among Churchill’s closest associates, that it infuriated everyone. Angry letters poured in.”<sup>19</sup> *Punch* historian R. G. G. Price classified the cartoon among the editor’s “calculated exhibitions of what die-hard readers considered bad taste” and reported that it cost the magazine “a number of regular, inherited readers.” He also felt that the venture showed that *Punch* was once again “a claimant for power.”<sup>20</sup> Circulation improved, advertising declined.

A second controversy arose over the cartoon of May 19, 1954, which compared Eden’s return from Geneva (where he resolved not to support the French in Indo-

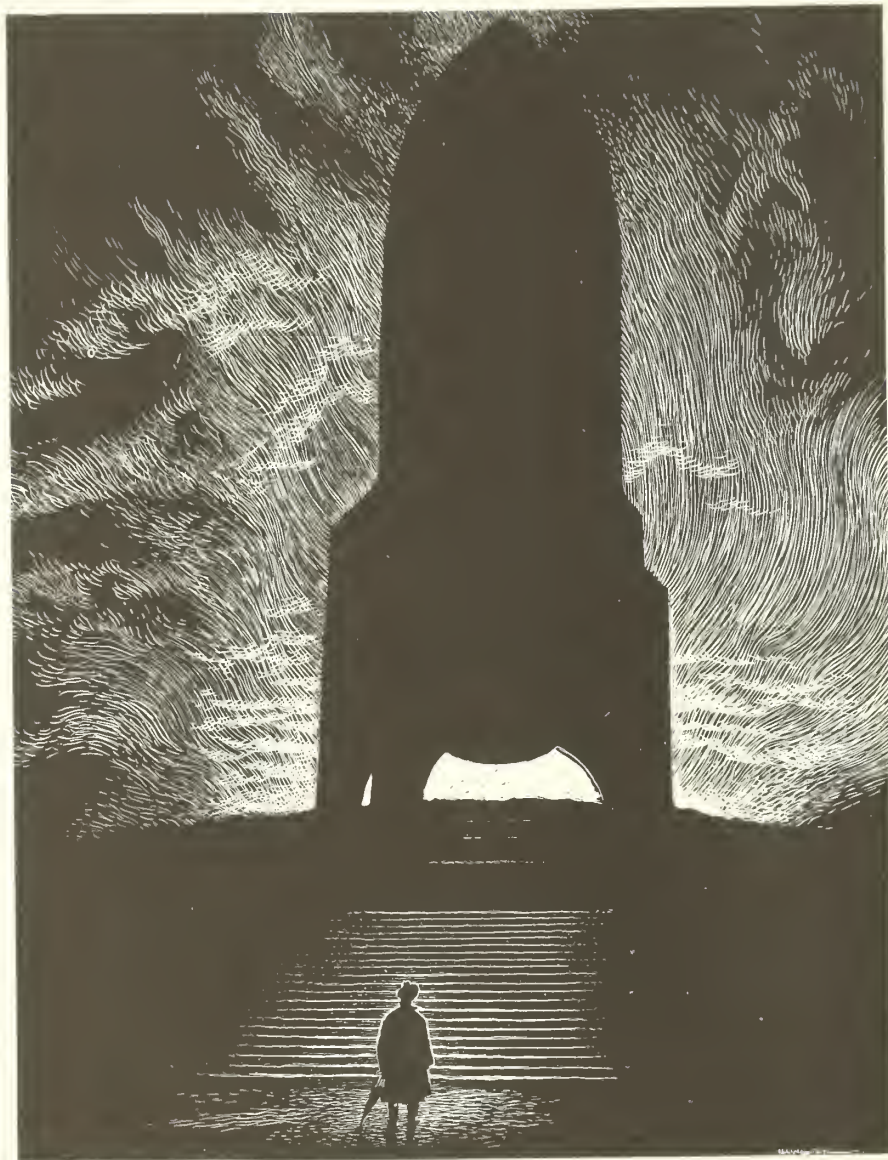
China) with Neville Chamberlain’s return from Munich.

Illingworth continued to supply the Muggeridge *Punch* with some of his most striking work, on such varied subjects as McCarthyism, the 1956 junket of Bulganin and Khrushchev, nuclear peril, and the Suez crisis. Dulles as the ostrich who sees no problem (April 11, 1956) and Nasser as the bloated bullfrog of the Nile (August 15, 1956) can be ranked with the finest political caricature of any era. The Nasser is a particular tour de force, complete with the implicit assurance that the problem might be solved with the point of a pin.

Muggeridge and Mr. Punch finally parted company at the end of 1957. Illingworth suspended his association five months later and, except for a pair of non-political double-pages in 1959, did not reappear for four years. Late in 1962 he returned to share the duties of cartoonist with Norman Mansbridge on alternate months. Interviewed in 1966, he conceded, tongue-in-cheek, that the gestation process was unchanged:

“The idea behind the drawing? Well, wasn’t it worked out every week at a *Punch* lunch? Didn’t the artist draw what he was told? Don’t they still?

“Yes, and a very pleasant lunch it is . . . very civilised . . . You sit there enjoying the conversation of some very nice people indeed. You drink some good wine, my boy, and some brandy, and come away feeling very good indeed. It’s not always possible to start drawing afterwards.”<sup>21</sup>



5. Childe Roland to the dark power came  
*Punch*, February 23, 1955

Although case-hardened in a sense, I never have the courage to open the packet. I always leave it to my sister . . .

—John Tenniel

on his aversion to seeing his weekly cartoon in reproduction.<sup>22</sup>

EXECUTION of the *Punch* drawing was customarily a nocturnal affair in Illingworth's garret flat, just down the street. Thought out before supper, pencilled in before retiring and executed as dawn crept up behind the dominant silhouette of St. Paul's which filled the window (see p. 29).

The production of his *Daily Mail* cartoon was apt to be a less solitary undertaking. Most afternoons, a visitor to Illingworth's fourth floor room in Northcliffe House, a few hundred feet away, would find the floor obscured by a carpet of current papers and miscellaneous photo references, the telephone in almost continual use, and a teakettle whistling congenially on the windowsill. There would probably be a small constellation of friends and admirers (interspersed with the occasional solicitous editor or anxious blockmaker) jockeying for position around the small studio. In the eye of this friendly hurricane Illingworth worked calmly at a large, time-ravaged board to which the next day's cartoon was anchored by one giant brass thumbtack. An appropriate idea had been selected from among two or three brush and ink roughs and delicately laid out on the final piece of card with a very hard pencil, perhaps one-third larger than it

would finally appear in the paper. Photographic references were helpful for unfamiliar faces. Most other needs were supplied by a phenomenal memory for visual detail which always seemed ready with the correct frock coat or blunderbuss. When he turned to a visiting cartoonist from the United States for advice on the shape of a diplomat's nose or the helmet of an American fireman, it generally developed that the secondary opinion proved less precise than his own.

After a critical search for offenses against proportion, the principal contours of the drawing were brushed boldly in; whatever subsidiary linework the occasion called for was added with a fine, flexible pen. Final tonal effects might be provided with crayon, monochrome wash, or, more commonly, with adhesive plastic "Ben Day" sheets which supplied line or dot patterns of varying intensities. Unlike many cartoonists, Illingworth did not leave the application of these tints to the blockmaker. He was particularly adept in his use of reverse "white-over-black" screens for recessive backgrounds and atmospheric effects.

Often when the effect of light and dark was basic to the idea Illingworth would execute it in scratchboard, a chalk surface drawing paper, which, among editorial cartoonists, he has had virtually to himself. Working with a fine pointed tool or a pen-knife, he quarried his forms out of the inky shadows after the manner of a wood engraving (also see cover and pp. 34, 36, and 38).

Shortly before or after the 7:30 deadline for the *Daily*



*Mail's* Scottish edition, the work was completed. "More I shall not do," the artist murmured. His finished drawing was erased, cleared of filings with an expert whisk from a pocket handkerchief, and carried off in the direction of the waiting blockmaker at something very like a full gallop. His friends received the distinct impression that he never wanted to look at it again.

In 1946, Illingworth finally solidified his position as a country squire with the purchase of a farmhouse on seven idyllically beautiful acres of rolling Sussex countryside. The village of Robertsbridge is fifty miles south of London on the road to Hastings. Illingworth had been preceded to his "Silverdale" by Horace Walpole some 196 years before: "The roads grew bad beyond all badness, the night dark beyond all darkness, our guide frightened beyond all frightfulness. However, without being at all killed, we got up, or down—I forget which, it was so dark—a famous precipice called Silver Hill, and about ten at night arrived at a wretched village called Rotherbridge . . ." <sup>23</sup>

Long abandoned as a public way, this perilous descent now passes just to the rear of Illingworth's house, a solid, splendidly comfortable structure of red brick, dating from the mid-1830's. Silverdale is unquestionably a working farm: "Our tomatoes are as big as footballs, cucumbers like zeppelins . . ." At the present time the livestock consists of three milk cows in various stages of lactation, a horse, and innumerable chickens. The car-

toonist is currently laying a cement foundation across the old roadbed, on which he plans next spring to erect a good-sized barn. Thirteen acres have recently been added to the domain, and Farmer Illingworth is planning to expand his dairy operation. Activity in the house centers around the large kitchen with its huge, unvarnished oak table. A second focal point is the capacious, thickly-carpeted bathroom, complete with fireplace and gold brocade armchair. A terra-cotta bust of the owner, resplendent under a ten-gallon hat, occupies the upstairs hall window, facing inward.

Illingworth retired from *Punch* in late 1968 and from the *Daily Mail* at the end of last year. (His final cartoon was published on December 22, 1969.) Since that time, still more of his energies have been channeled into the arts of farming and friendship. A few years ago, he defined his marital status as that of "optimistic bachelor," an appropriate label for someone who continues to reserve a youthful enthusiasm for whatever lies around the next bend. Like the reticent bust in the window, it is just about impossible to see all of him at once. Asked by the BBC to choose eight records which he would like to have with him on a desert island, Illingworth's selections ranged from a Welsh choir to the performance of classical Chinese opera by the Official Ensemble of the Chinese People's Republic at Peking. <sup>24</sup> "It would give me something to think about," he said.

Such a man is virtually unretirable.



## NOTES

1. James P. Malcolm, *An Historical Sketch of the Art of Caricaturing*, London, 1813, p. 157.
2. Mary Darly, *A Book of Caricatures . . . with ye Principles of Designing . . .*, London, 1763, p. 2.
3. Katharine Whitehorne, article in *Queen*, June 12, 1962, p. 36.
4. Michael Bateman, *Funny Way to Earn a Living*, London, 1966, p. 16. (An earlier pencil drawing, circa age four, of a farmhouse in hilly terrain with one very droll pig, was reproduced in the *Leader Magazine* of July 20, 1946, p. 10.)
5. *Ibid.*
6. Keith MacKenzie, "Cartoonists and their work: Illingworth," *The Artist*, June, 1969, p. 94.
7. *Ibid.*
8. *Ibid.*
9. Bateman, *loc. cit.*
10. Italian submarines had been attacking British merchant ships running supplies to Spanish Loyalists.
11. *Reminiscences of Henry Angelo*, vol. 1, London, 1828, p. 432.
12. Quoted from "Cartoons and Cartoonists," *Strand*, June, 1931, p. 584.
13. *Leader Magazine*, July 20, 1946, p. 10.
14. MacKenzie, p. 94.
15. R. G. G. Price, *A History of Punch*, Collins, London, 1957, p. 301.
16. Claud Cockburn, *View from the West*, Monthly Review Press, New York, 1962, p. 127.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 129.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 129.
19. Malcolm Muggeridge, "Crunch," *Private Eye*, August 7, 1964, p. 9.
20. Price, p. 334.
21. Bateman, p. 15.
22. M. H. Spielmann, *The History of Punch*, Cassell, New York, 1895, p. 464.
23. Horace Walpole, letter to Richard Bentley of August 5, 1752.
24. *Desert Island Discs*, A BBC interview with Illingworth, March, 1963.

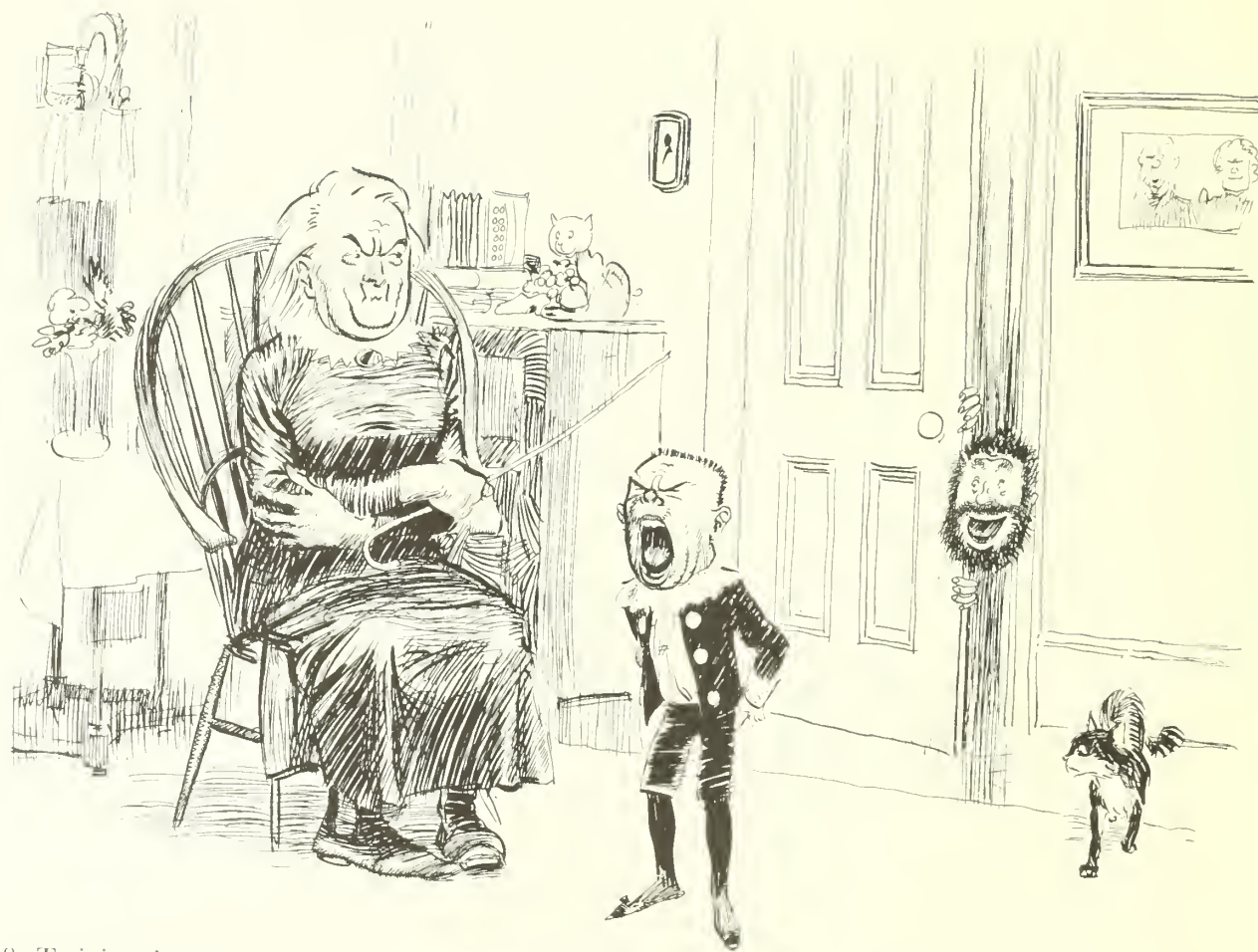


6. Sketchbook, 1922



7. The Bus

*Daily Mail, May 7, 1940*



8. Training the child in the way he should go (Prime Minister David Lloyd George tries to keep Weimar Germany from associating with Russia)

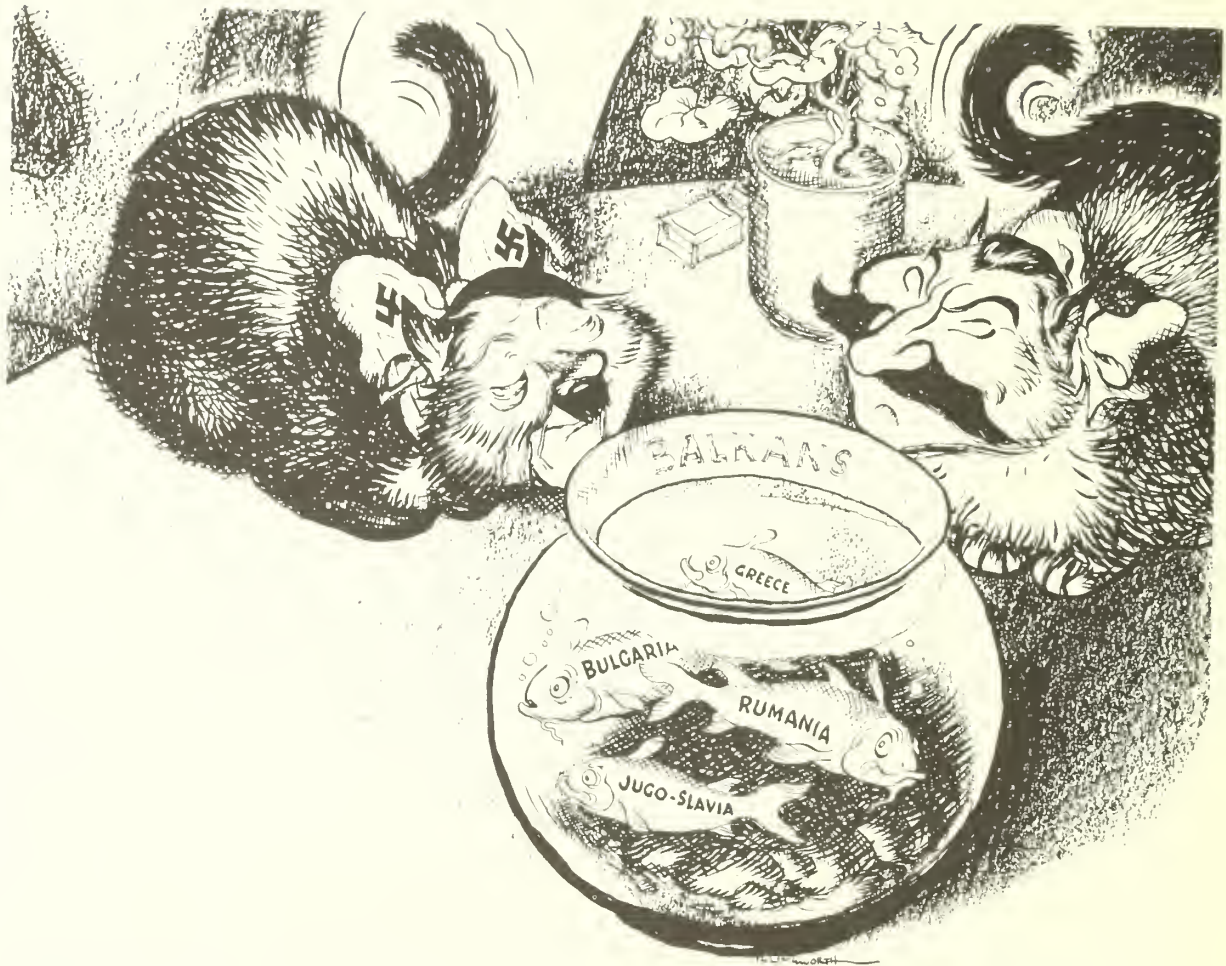
*Western Mail*, Cardiff, April 1922



9. "Why don't the police do something, that's what I'd like to know?" asked a slatternly girl with a made-up face.

*Nash's Magazine*, c. 1933





10. "What, me? I never *touch* goldfish!"

*Daily Mail*, November 17, 1939

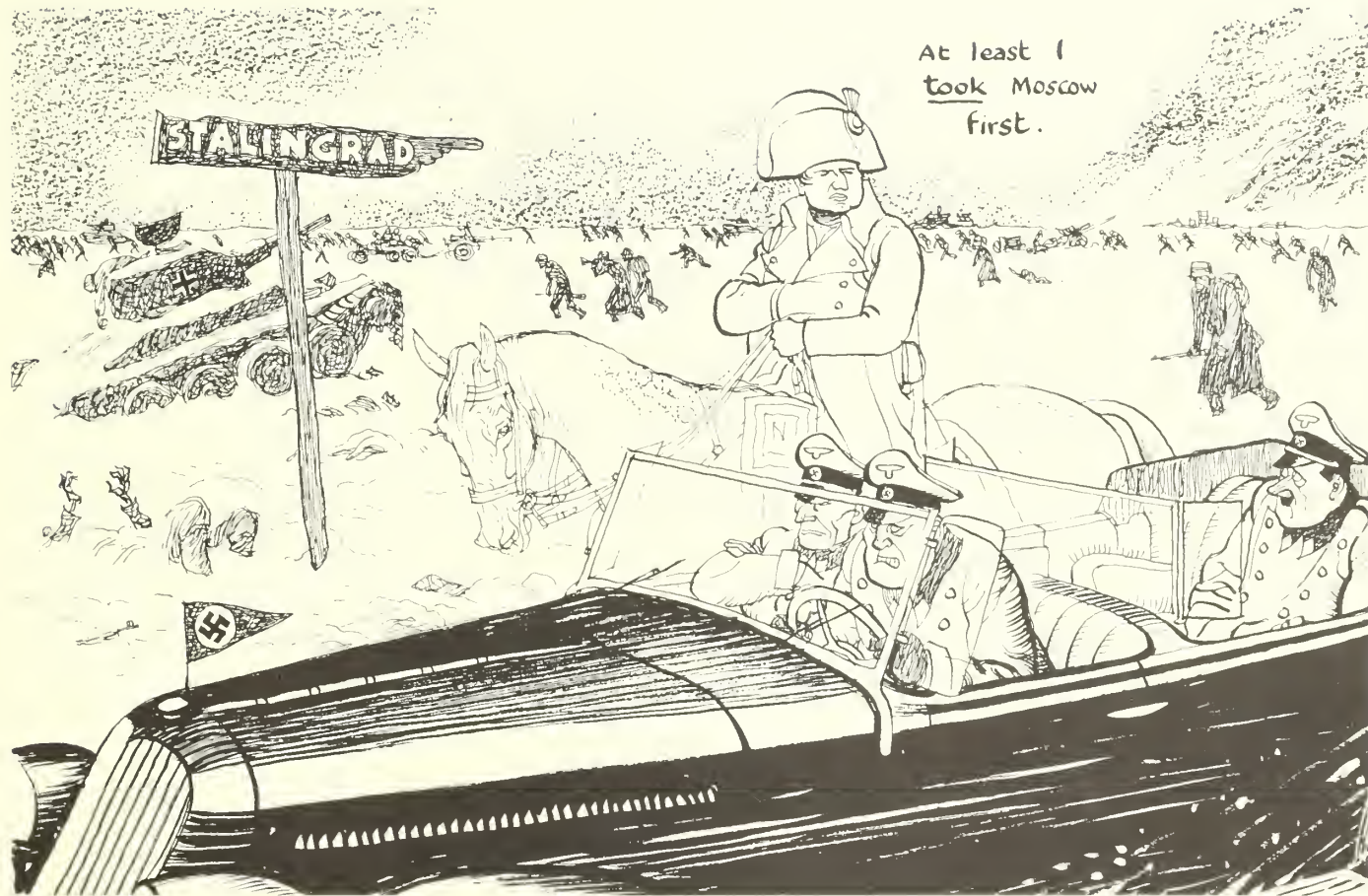


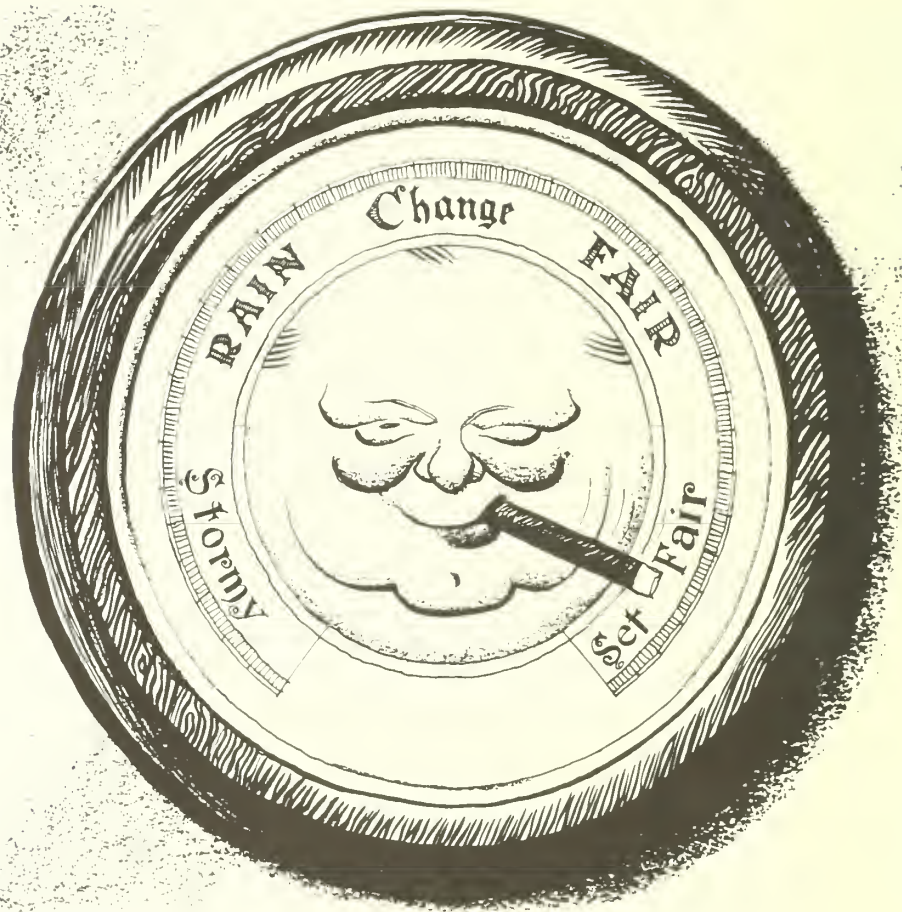
11. "Well, what am I supposed to do now, look frightened?"

*Daily Mail*, September 9, 1940





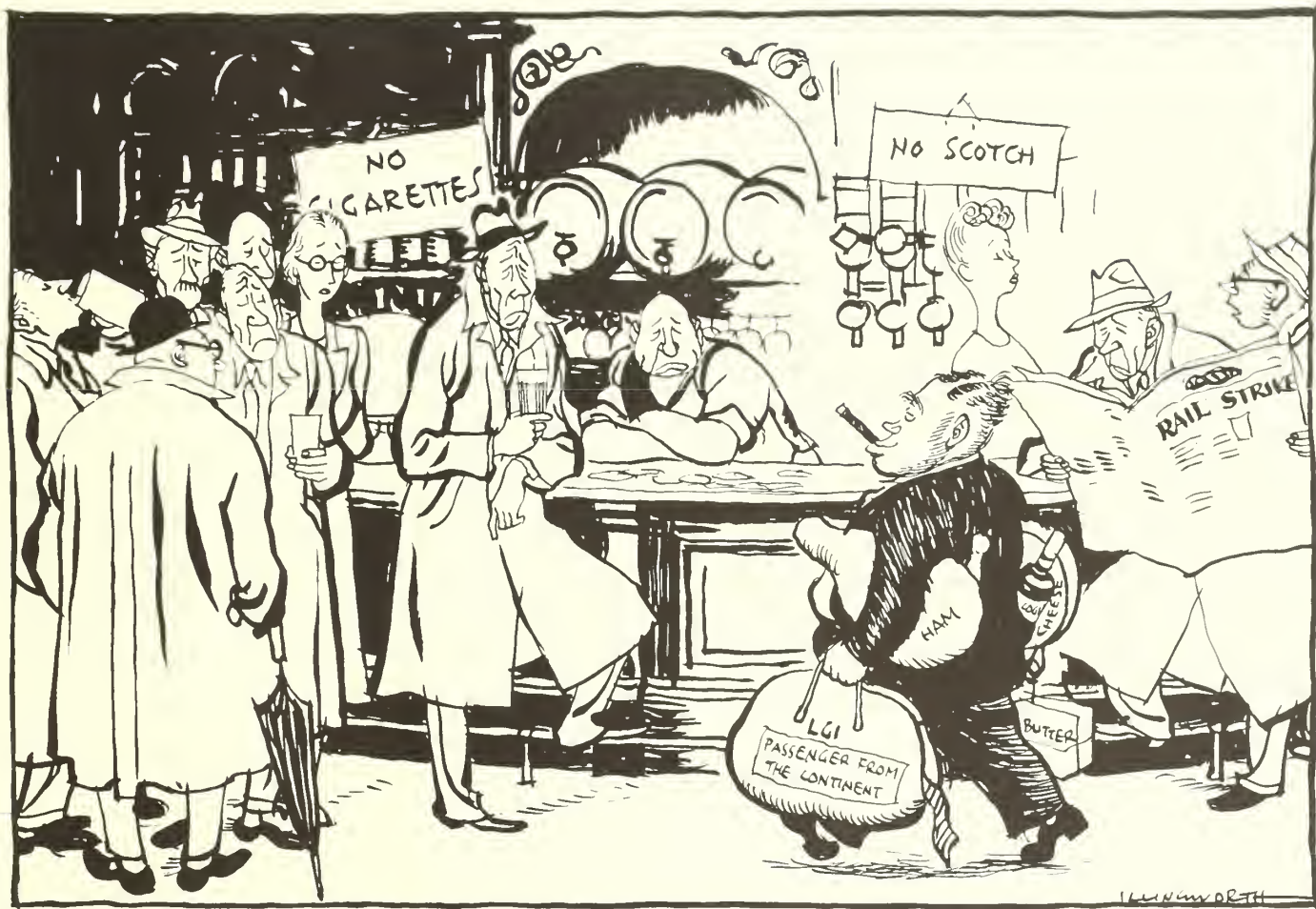




14. *Daily Mail*, August 3, 1944

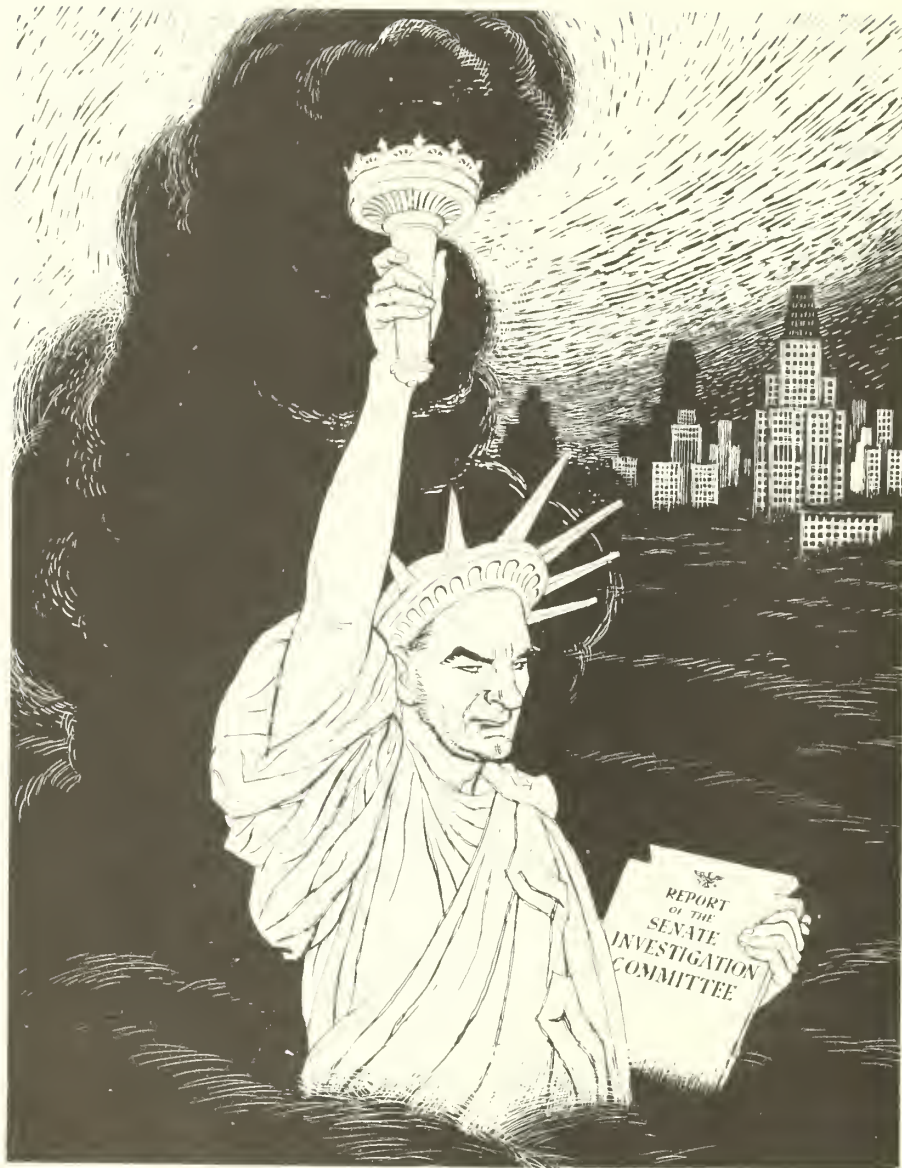
LAWSON





15. Return to Victorious England from Conquered Europe

*Daily Mail*, June 1, 1949



16. "... that we here highly resolve . . .  
that this nation, under God, shall  
have a new birth of freedom . . ."  
—Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg

*Punch*, March 17, 1954



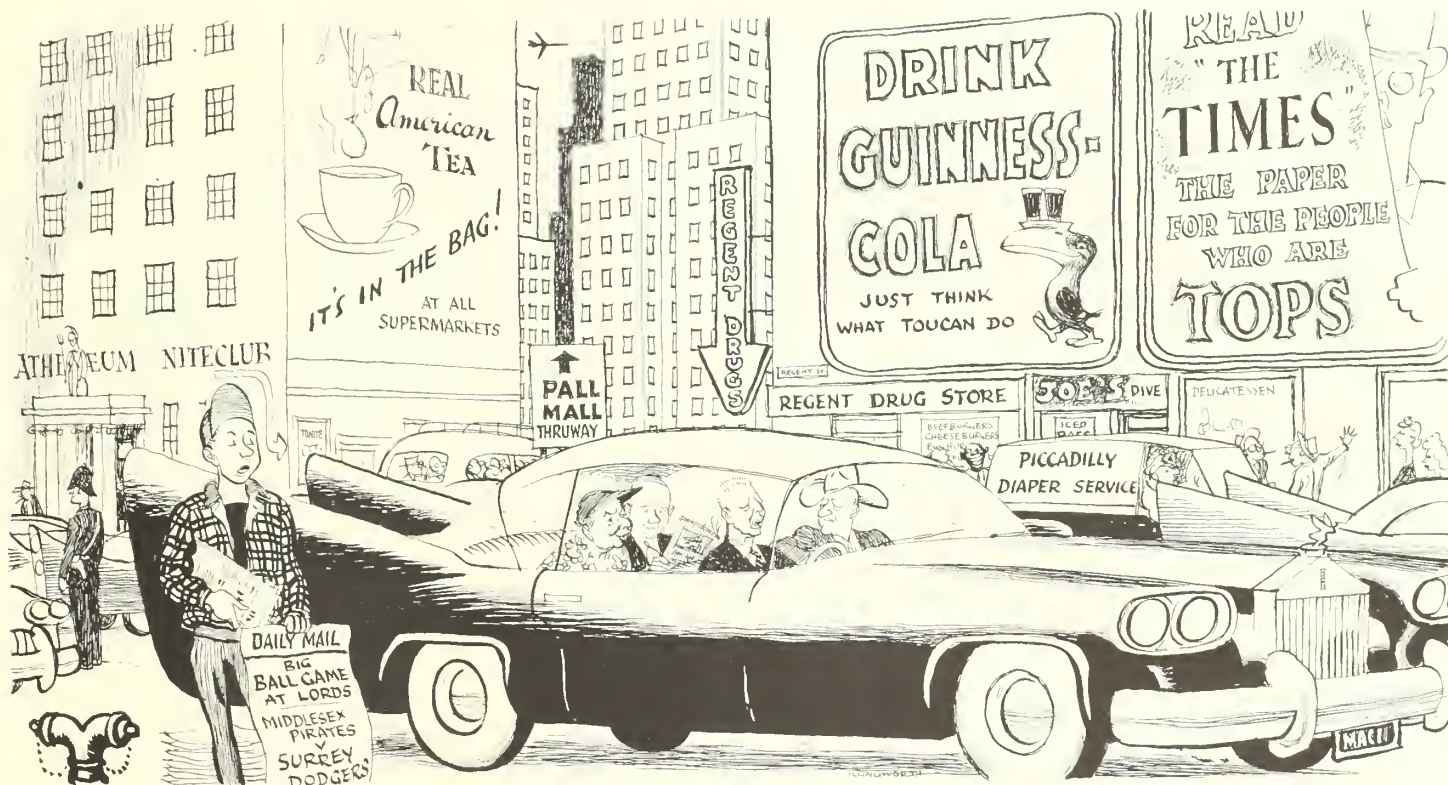
17. The Ambassadors  
*Punch*, April 18, 1956





18. Victor of Budapest

*Daily Mail*, November 6, 1956



19. If the Americans really took over . . .

*Daily Mail*, November 17, 1960

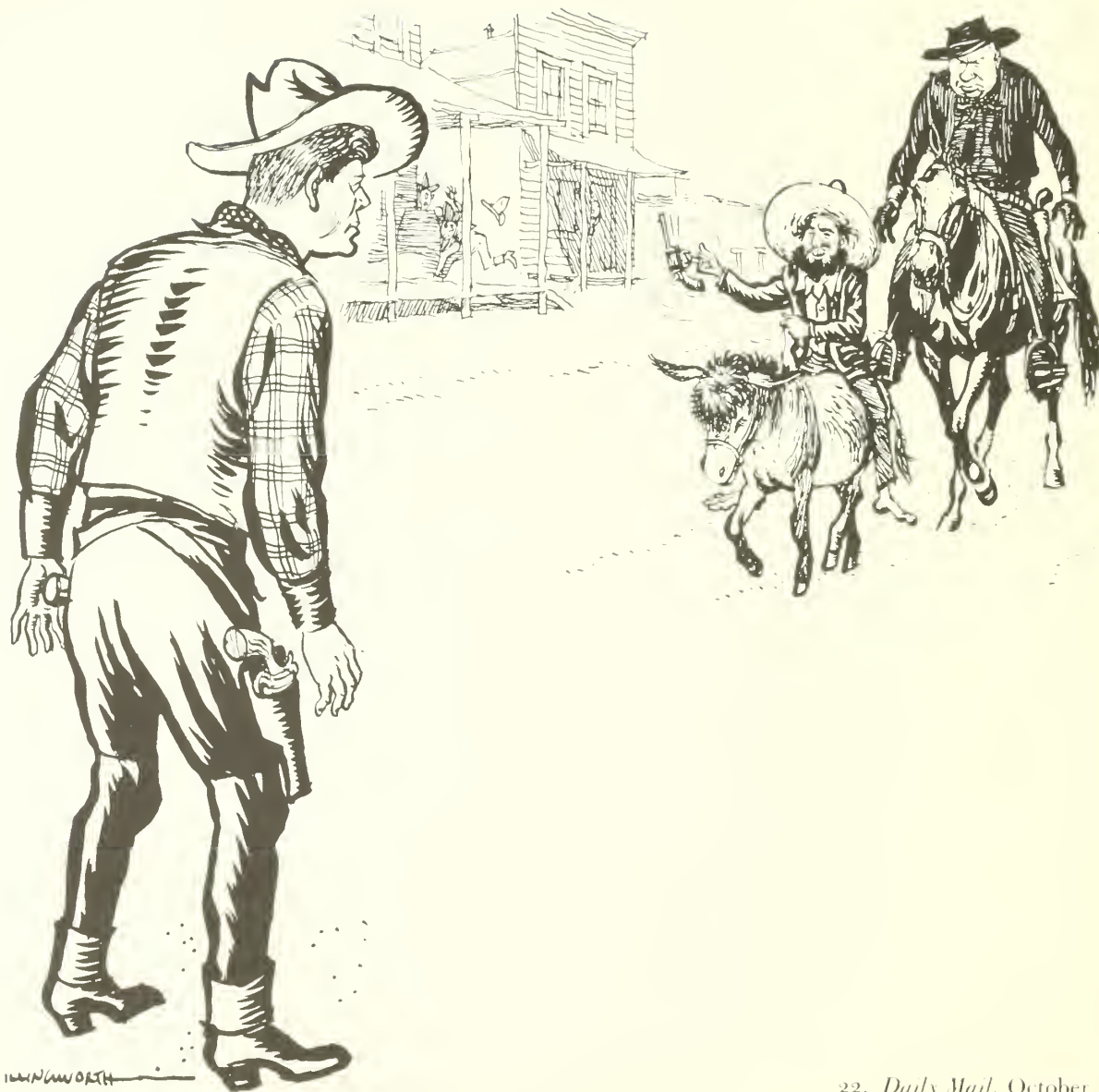






21. "Where Now?"

*Daily Mail*, January 16, 1963



Iain North



23. "There, I think that'll hold him!"

*Daily Mail*, June 15, 1964



## NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Dimensions are given in inches, height preceding. Permission to reproduce has very kindly been given by the proprietors of *Punch*, and of the *Daily Mail*. All rights are reserved by the original publishers. Where ownership is not specified in parentheses, the drawing is the property of the *Daily Mail*.

### COVER: On Target

Scratchboard,  $6 \times 12\frac{1}{2}$ , March 22, 1963

On January 14, 1963, after rejecting Britain's bid for membership in the Common Market, President de Gaulle indicated that France would not participate in the multi-lateral "mixed-man" nuclear submarine force which President Kennedy had proposed as a North Atlantic security measure. In the months that followed French intransigence on this subject became increasingly apparent.

1. The Forge at St. Athan  
Brush and wash,  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{3}{4}$ , c.1914. (Leslie Illingworth)
2. The Combat  
Watercolor with pen,  $11\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{7}{8}$ . (Miss Enid Ratcliffe)  
Ironically, this drawing was knocked from its place on the wall by a German bomb during the Blitz. It escaped with a broken glass and a split frame.
3. Lament for the Stand-down  
Pen and ink,  $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$   
By the autumn of 1944 the Luftwaffe was defensively engaged on the continent and London's anti-aircraft units found it possible to disband.

4. Man goeth forth unto his work . . .  
Wash and pen,  $14\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$ . (Draper Hill)

5. Childe Roland to the dark power came  
Scratchboard,  $14\frac{3}{8} \times 11\frac{1}{16}$ . (Thomas P. Curtis)  
On February 17, the Churchill government announced that England would begin production of the hydrogen bomb as a deterrent to war.

6. Sketchbook, pencil,  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ , 1922

7. The Bus  
Pen and brush,  $10 \times 15\frac{1}{2}$ . (Mr. and Mrs. Draper Hill)  
One of the most famous cartoons of World War II. On April 4, 1940, Hitler invaded Denmark and Norway. The next day Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain underestimated the Nazi potential in a buoyantly optimistic speech—whatever Herr Hitler thought he was getting away with, he had certainly "missed the bus." Unsuccessful Anglo-French landings at Namsos and Andalsnes during the following weeks dramatized the unreality of the Premier's position. The appearance of Illingworth's cartoon May seventh preceded by hours the start of a heated two-day House of Commons debate on the war, in which the subject of "the bus" was raised repeatedly.



Chamberlain resigned on May tenth and Churchill was asked to form a government. The cartoon shows Hitler and Goering sweeping past Chamberlain's 1900-vintage London bus. Prodding him on the upper level are Ernest Bevin, Lloyd George, Sir John Anderson, William Morrison, Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Privy Seal, and the conductor, Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer—who had been closely identified with the policy of appeasement. Churchill's war coalition would include Bevin as Minister of Labour, Sinclair as Secretary for Air, Amery as Secretary of State for India and Burma, Anderson as Home Secretary, and Morrison as Postmaster General.

8. Training the child in the way he should go  
Pen and ink, 7 × 9. (Draper Hill)  
Nurse Lloyd George (to the German): "Next time I catch you playing with that horribly low Bolshie Boy I'll skin you!" (to the Bolshie): "No! He is *not* coming out to the Genoa tea party—at any rate not if you are to be present."

Lloyd George was the principal instigator of an abortive thirty-three nation economic conference held at Genoa from April 15 to May 19, 1922. One of his chief aims, to keep the Germans and the Russians apart, was frustrated when these parties met at Rapallo to sign a secret treaty renouncing reparations and resuming diplomatic relations.

9. "Why don't the police do something . . ."  
Brush and wash, 7<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> × 17<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>. (Draper Hill)  
Illustration to a story, "The Milk Bottles," in *Nash's Magazine*.

10. "What, me? No, I never *touch* goldfish!"  
Brush, pen, and litho crayon, 9<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> × 11<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>. (Keith Mackenzie)

On August 23, 1939, Germany and Russia executed a sharp about-face on their former hostility and signed a non-aggression pact. The first consequence of this unnatural act was the partition of Poland. The Nazis conceded Soviet interests in the Baltic, but nothing was said about Southeastern Europe where both parties nursed healthy ambitions.

11. "Well, what am I supposed to do now, look frightened?"  
Brush, pen, and litho crayon, 9<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> × 13<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>

German aerial bombardment of England's south coast began in late August of 1940. On September 7, Hermann Goering assumed public command of the campaign and shifted his offensive to night raids on London. For the next two months the capital was visited nightly by an average of 200 enemy bombers. Illingworth's cartoon anticipates by one day the first response of the city's Air Defense Artillery, accompanied by a spectacular blaze of searchlights.

12. Fall in, Everyone!  
Pen, brush, and litho crayon, 9<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> × 9  
The previous day in the Commons, Churchill had announced a comprehensive plan for national mobilization. "We desire to fit the knapsack with its extra load upon the national shoulders in the most effective manner . . ."

13. At least I *took* Moscow first  
Brush, pen, and litho crayon, 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> × 12<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>  
In the spring of 1941 Germany turned on Russia. By the end of the following year it was increasingly apparent that Hitler's three great objectives in the East, Lenin-

grad, Moscow, and Stalingrad, would continue to elude his grasp. An estimated 300,000 German soldiers were stranded in the retreat from Stalingrad, left to the vengeance of the Russians and their merciless winter.

14. Set Fair

Brush, pen, and chalk,  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 9$

Following the long awaited invasion of Normandy, the allies were advancing on all fronts.

15. Return to Victorious England

Brush and pen,  $8\frac{1}{4} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$

Traveler Illingworth fortifies himself against post-war austerity.

16. "... that we here highly resolve ..."

Scratchboard and pen,  $14\frac{1}{4} \times 11$

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's crusade against subversion was entering its final, most virulent phase. His public inquisition of the United States Army took place from April to June, 1954.

17. The Ambassadors

Pen, pencil, and wash with opaque white,  $13\frac{7}{8} \times 11\frac{1}{4}$ .  
(Draper Hill)

This faithful parody of Holbein's double portrait in London's National Gallery appeared in *Punch* on April 18, just as Khrushchev and Bulganin arrived for a ten-day visit to Britain. Holbein's original of 1533 shows the French ambassador of the moment in the company of a "saintly" fellow countryman who was visiting London at the time. Illingworth has adapted Holbein's numerous items of artistic and intellectual bric-a-brac to fit the needs and inclinations of the Soviet travelers.

18. Victor of Budapest

Scratchboard,  $11\frac{3}{4} \times 16$ . (Draper Hill)

The short-lived Hungarian Revolution began on October 23, 1956. After an illusory calm spent checking its strength in other satellite nations, Soviet Russia crushed the uprising on the third and fourth of November. Doubts were cast thereby on the progress of Nikita Khrushchev's de-Stalinization crusade. (Josef Stalin died March 5, 1953.)

19. If the Americans really took over . . .

Pen and ink,  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 14\frac{3}{4}$ . (Draper Hill)

On November 1, 1960, Prime Minister Macmillan announced an agreement under which the United States would base the nuclear-armed Polaris submarines in Scotland's Holy Loch. A bitter controversy arose in the Commons over how much say Britain was to have in the firing of these weapons. Anti-American sentiments on a few other topics were given public vent. Illingworth's cartoon shows Harold Macmillan and three of his ministers, Chancellor of the Exchequer Selwyn Lloyd, Colonial Secretary Iain MacLeod, and Home Secretary R. A. Butler in a subtly altered Rolls-Royce. (Diapers would properly be *nappies*, drug stores are *chemist shops*, thruways are *dual carriageways*, and the English are not as yet noted for their love of teabags.)

20. Scratchboard,  $11 \times 8\frac{3}{4}$

Acting with the support of the Central Intelligence Agency, anti-Castro forces conducted a disastrously unsuccessful invasion at the Bay of Pigs from April 18 to April 21, 1961.

21. "Where Now?"

Brush, pen and Ben Day tint,  $8\frac{3}{4} \times 18$

At a Paris news conference on January 14, 1963, de Gaulle poured cold water on Britain's Common Market aspirations. Driver Harold Macmillan is accompanied by Edward Heath, then Britain's negotiator with the European Economic Community.

22. Cuban Missile Showdown

Brush and pen,  $12\frac{1}{2} \times 14\frac{1}{4}$

The crisis commenced on October 22, 1962, with President Kennedy's televised charge that the Russians had been installing offensive missiles in Cuba for several weeks. On October 23 the issue was discussed by the

Security Council of the United Nations and on October 24, Washington announced a naval blockade of Cuba as Russian ships steamed towards Havana. After four more days of tension, Khrushchev stepped back.

23. "There, I think that'll hold him!"

Pen, brush, and litho crayon,  $6\frac{3}{4} \times 18\frac{1}{4}$ . (Keith MacKenzie)

In June 1964 at Pretoria, Nelson Mandela, a South African black leader, was sentenced along with seven others to life imprisonment on charges of sabotage. The late Premier of South Africa, Hendrik Verwoerd, watches this restraint placed on the latent power of black nationalism.





DESIGNED AND  
COMPOSED IN BULMER TYPE  
AT THE STINEHOUR PRESS  
LUNENBURG • VERMONT



ONE THOUSAND COPIES  
PRINTED AT  
THE LITTLETON COURIER  
LITTLETON • NEW HAMPSHIRE  
SEPTEMBER 1970



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 05987 385 9











